

THE LINOTYPE.

From the clatter of the linotype machine.
What a world of worthy matter we can glean!
From the merry Yuletide story
To the battle song of glory;
From the hymn of joy and gladness
To the tale of woe and sadness.
In the clatter, clatter, in the never
ceasing chatter.
In the clatter of the linotype machine!

Hear the rattle!
Hear the rattle, rattle, rattle,
Like the musketry of battle,
As it tells of surging thousands on the
frozen Asian sands;
As it tells of shrapnel's shrieking,
As it tells of camps' dire reeking,
As it speaks of warring columns in the
Oriental lands.
Thundering louder, louder, louder,
Till you seem to smell the powder,
Seem to see the soldiers dying—
Falling wounded, bleeding, dying—
Begging for a cup of water, slaughter,
All is told—the cheer, the slaughter,
In the rattle of the linotype machine.

Then the singing!
Then the gentle, gentle singing
Of the little children bringing
Gifts to many hungry humans in the
grace-lane ways;
Where no sunlight ever enters,
Where no sunbeams ever enter,
Where little ones are born in vice, and
vicious end their days.
We can hear the childish singing
From the pure hearts blithely springing,
As the matries are dropping from the
sotted machine.
Like the sound of water falling—
Like a feathered songster's calling—
Is the singing of the linotype machine.

Then the laughter!
Then the dear, contagious laughter,
As the matries drop faster,
As the matries drop faster.

Faster, faster, ever faster, like a pelting
summer rain!
Faster words, in leaden matter,
Speak to us above the clatter—
Laugh away our morbid fancies and the
demon darts of pain.
Speak not of fair Luna's phases,
But of daffodils and daisies;
Of some happy situation, of some mirth-
provoking scene,
Till our hearts cast out the hateful
And we're truly, truly grateful
For the laughter of the linotype machine.

Then the dirges!
Then the solemn, mournful dirges,
As the plunger dilly merges
In the molten, unshrunk metal in the
superheated pot!
Lo! it tells in sombre measure
Of the fleeting life of treasure,
Tells of visions of that land the joy
of which man knoweth not.
Who has passed thro' death's dark
portal,
Who met death before his Maker with a
soul uncountly meek.
And we marvel at the story
In the dirges of the linotype machine.

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Outwitting a Father.

By Helena Dixon.

MARRY Ellen Hosmer!
Marry a perfect beggar!
Why, Herbert de Lisle,
are you a fool, or crazy,
or what, that you dare to
talk to me about that girl?

And old Ralph de Lisle brought his
climaxed fist down on the marble-top
table beside which he was sitting with
an energetic movement quite unusual
to him, while his low brow contracted
and his spare, bloodless face grew
purple with rage.

"Then you will not consent?" said he,
calmly.

"Never!" and the old, white-haired
father fairly roared the word. "Have
I toiled and economized all these years
to see my money thrown away on a
pauper? We shall see about that, sir.
I always said you had not a particle
of the de Lisle pride. You are Randall
all over. There's your mother, now; I've
no doubt she would rejoice to see you
tied for life to that girl. I considered
my promise to her dying father
fulfilled when I brought her home to
feed and clothe her, and it was no plan
of mine that she should be educated
and taught to fill a daughter's place in
the family, where, by rights, she should
have been only a menial. Still, I did
not object as I should, and now the
ungrateful miss wants to step in as the
future mistress of Lisle, does she?
Away from me! and remember, Isabel
Deaver is the woman you are to
marry; and mind, too, that you have
nothing more to say to that baby-faced
creature of my bounty."

Herbert moved toward the door in
scornful silence, which but aggravated
the old man the more.

Springing to his feet, he exclaimed,
vehemently:

"I shall watch you, sir. There must
be no more billing and cooing. I can
tell you that. If you but so much as
speak again to that girl, I will cut you
off with a dollar!"

For a moment an angry tide swept
across the face of the younger de
Lisle. When it passed, his face was
a trifle paler, than before, and his lips
were slightly compressed, but there
was a mocking gleam of mischief in his
eyes as he answered:

"Father, I shall marry Ellen yet, and
with your full permission."

The old man was more than ever en-
raged, and his voice sounded hollow
and sepulchral, and every word he ut-
tered was cut off with a pugilistic ges-
ture of his clenched fist.

"When I give my consent to your
marriage with Ellen Hosmer I shall
be either an idiot or a lunatic, and she
shall be at once installed mistress of
de Lisle Hall."

Ralph de Lisle was not to be hood-
winked by any pretty devices of the
young man or his mother. He fol-
lowed Herbert about the house like
his shadow. Mrs. de Lisle was vexed;
her son was angry.

"As old as I am," he muttered—
"nearly thirty—to be followed about
like a baby that's in danger of tum-
bling into the fire!"

Ellen grew morbidly sensitive under
this constant espionage, and would
run away whenever she saw Herbert
approaching.

If Mrs. de Lisle took Ellen under
her wing for a walk, and glanced cas-
ually on departing at her son, the old
man understood perfectly well that the
glance "meant something," and Her-
bert was kept as closely under his eye
as a cat ever kept the prey she had
doomed for her dinner.

But after a time Mrs. de Lisle de-
sisted from her strange maneuvers.
Herbert gave up all attempts to con-
verse privately with Ellen, and be-
gan absenting himself from the house
for whole days at a time.

Not long after this, Ralph de Lisle's
oft-repeated assertion that Ellen was
fickle and volatile seemed to meet
with corroboration, for a new wooer,
who came in the loose garb of a sailor,
and who constantly wore a broad-
brimmed hat, seemed to have com-
pletely turned the young girl's head.

How or whence he came Ralph did
not know. His wife assumed him that
the sailor had been properly introduced
by a mutual friend, and he was too
rejoiced at the turn affairs had taken
to ask many questions. How glad
the old man felt that his son stayed
away from home so much. He was
uneasy every time he saw the sailor's
broad hat overshadowing Ellen's lit-
tle sundown in the garden, lest Her-
bert should return and impede the
progress of this, to him at least, de-
sirable courtship.

The sailor's devotion to Ellen became

more and more apparent, and Herbert
abandoned himself more than ever, and
made no attempt to regain Ellen's
waning affections when he was at
home.

Mrs. de Lisle watched the progress
of the sailor's love-making complacently,
and the old man was perfectly de-
lighted both with Ellen and her suitor,
and began contemplating purchasing a
certain cozy cottage he knew of as a
bridal gift to his ward.

Ralph de Lisle was seated in his li-
brary one evening, thinking delightfully
how, with Ellen married, it would
be an easy thing to bring about the
much-desired match between Herbert
and Isabel Deaver, when a servant en-
tered to say that Miss Ellen's beau
wanted to see him.

The sailor entered and bowed awk-
wardly enough to the dignified man
who rose to receive him. The broad-
brimmed hat, which not one of the
family had yet seen him remove, kept
its place even in the august presence
of Ralph de Lisle, who wondered men-
tally whether he wore it in bed, and
concluded that custom on shipboard
must have been the constant wearing
of his hat with a habit with the sailor.

"You ward, Miss Ellen, is very beau-
tiful and good," began the young man,
stammering, and no doubt blushing;
though little of his whiskered face
was visible.

Old Ralph rubbed his hands together
gleefully, and determined to help the
embarrassed lover.

"That's a fact," said he; "she is
handsome, and a better girl never lived.
You wish my consent to marry her?"
The sailor hung his head.

"Yes, if you please."

"She's the same as a daughter to us,
you see, and we shall miss her terribly.
But her happiness is the main thing.
If the dear girl loves you, and wishes
to marry you, I haven't the least ob-
jection. Sailors are good, whole-souled
fellows, I know, and you'll be kind to
our darling."

"I'll try my best to make her happy,"
said the lover, in a mumbling tone;
"but I'm not a sailor, as these clothes
make you think. I got them under
price, so I bought them. I am poor,
and have to economize. But I am
young and strong, and will take care
that your ward does not lack for the
comforts of life." Then, after a short
pause, he added: "I feared you might
withhold your consent on account of
my poverty."

"Poverty? Nonsense!" said old Ralph,
magnanimously. "Not consent be-
cause you are poor? Why, riches
should never be weighed against the
heart and its affections; and if you are
not a sailor, as we supposed, you are
a noble fellow, I am sure; and let you
be who you will, I believe you are
worthy to be Ellen's husband, and you
shall have her, too, since you are
both agreed, in spite of poverty or any-
thing else. So you see, I have great
confidence in you."

"H'm!" muttered the young man,
and with a repetition of his awkward
obedience, he left the room.

Ralph de Lisle, through his wife,
supplied Ellen's purse handsomely for
the purchase of her wedding trousseau,
but as she was to marry a poor man
she preferred not to spend money so
foolishly, she said. So her bridal dress
was simply a white mull, and very
sweet and pretty she looked, as with
her eyes cast down and her cheeks red-
der than the reddest rose, she stood
in the great drawing-room of de Lisle
Hall in the presence of a very few
friends of her own and the family's,
who were met to witness the marriage.
The bridegroom gave her loving
glances from under the inevitable
black-brimmed hat, which he shocked
Ralph de Lisle by actually getting mar-
ried in.

"It's the most outlandish thing I
ever heard of, and some one ought to
tell him," muttered old Ralph, as the
ceremony was about to be performed;
"but if Mrs. de Lisle and Ellen can
stand it, I'm sure I can. But he don't
go to the table with that thing on his
head, if I have to knock it off with my
cane. I'll teach the ignoramus a little
decorum."

The words were pronounced which
made Ellen Mrs. Somebody—old Ralph
never knew nor cared what her new
name might be as long as she was
well out of the way of his son.

As the little company were about
being led to the dining-room to partake
of the wedding dinner, Ralph stepped
up to the groom and said, as politely
as his rising color would let him:

"You will oblige me, sir, and bestow

a trifle more respect on your bride and
the company present, if you remove
your hat."

"Certainly, sir. What a forgetful
fellow I am, and what a boor they
must all think me," returned the new-
made husband, in a tone which startled
Ralph strangely.

In a trice the great, unsightly hat
was off, and the beard which had com-
pletely concealed the lower part of the
quondam sailor's face was gone, and
Ralph de Lisle looked into the pro-
vokingly calm face of his son. Before
the old man, in his amazement and
chagrin, could utter a word, Herbert
had taken him by the arm and drawn
him aside.

"Now, father," said he, with comical
gravity, "don't say a word that will
make it unpleasant for my wife in her
new capacity as my wife. You know
I married her with your consent, and
besides you know that riches should
never be weighed against the heart
and its affections."

Ralph de Lisle came near choking at
first with rage and disappointment, and
we are very sure that the quantity of
good things provided for the wedding
feast was not much diminished or their
quality appreciated by the gloomy-vis-
aged "head of the house," but he fol-
lowed his son's advice and said nothing,
and soon learned to listen to his wife's
oft-repeated rehearsal of the old adage,
"What can't be cured must be en-
dured," with something like acquies-
cence in the decrees of Heaven.

In a short time he became more than
reconciled to his son's choice, and when
he heard of the marriage of Isabel De-
aver he went so far as to say that he
actually felt sorry for her husband, as
Isabel was such a Tartar, and in no
way comparable to Ellen, his son's
wife.—New York Weekly.

SCIENTIFIC INDUSTRIAL

The University of Washington pro-
poses to establish a permanent marine
station at a point to be decided on, at
Puget Sound. During the present sum-
mer a temporary station was estab-
lished at Friday Harbor, in charge of
Professor Trevor Kincaid and Dr. T. C.
Frye.

The Westinghouse-Parsons 600 horse-
power steam turbine engine at the
World's Fair ran from June 20 to De-
cember 2 without once stopping, at a
speed of 3600 revolutions a minute.
When taken down the engine showed
no signs of wear from this remarkable
performance.

Dr. Charles Waldstein gave a lecture
recently at the Royal Academy, says
Nature, of London, on Herculeanism
and the proposed international excava-
tion. Mr. Waldstein remarked that
from Herculeanism many beautiful
works might be expected. The city
and district of Herculeanism were
overwhelmed with volcanic material,
but this is not the impenetrable hard
lava commonly supposed. Geologists
have shown that, apart from actual
contact with air, the material is per-
fectly friable and manageable for the
excavator.

Among the most interesting ethno-
logic exhibitions at the St. Louis
World's Fair was a group of pygmies
from the Wissmann Falls region of the
Congo Free State. Although they do
not look as small as the imaginations
of many readers of books of African
travel have perhaps pictured them,
yet they plainly belong to a diminutive
race of mankind. A writer in Science,
comparing the various measurements
of these pygmies, and others allied to
them, arrives at the conclusion that the
average height of these small men is
a little more than four feet, eight
inches, or about one foot less than that
of the normal man.

Attacks of fits may appear but a few
times in a long life, or they may num-
ber hundreds and even thousands in
twenty-four hours. There are four
chief forms, viz: (1) a sudden severe
fit, with loss of consciousness and mus-
cular control; (2) a mild fit, with par-
tial unconsciousness; (3) a spasm in a
single leg or arm or group of muscles,
and (4) a temporary blank in the mem-
ory. Feeble-mindedness usually fol-
lows epilepsy, instantly developing in
fully twenty per cent. of the cases.

Considering the oft-claimed relation-
ship between genius and epilepsy, Dr.
W. P. Spratling, a specialist in epi-
lepsy, contends that the disease always
impairs the mental powers, and that
Caesar, Napoleon, Mohammed, Swe-
denborg and other great epileptics
must have become affected when their
strength was on the wane.

Actual Cost of Protection.
"Would you be willing to pay some-
thing to know of a sure plan for cir-
cumventing a robber when he comes
into your place of business late at
night and tries to hold you up?" asked
a man in a suit of faded black, who
had stepped into a north side drug
store.

"Sure," said the druggist, staring at
him with good humored incredulity.

"Well, I have devised a method that
can't possibly fail. I'll tell you all of
it but one particular, and if it looks
promising you pay me a dollar, and I'll
give you the whole scheme. If it does
not look all right you can say so, and
save your dollar. There will be no
harm done. Does that sound fair?"

"Yes, go ahead."

The caller whispered in his ear for
the next two or three minutes.

"That's all but the final and most
important part of it," he said. "Is it
worth a dollar to know the rest?"

"Yes, here's your money," the drug-
gist responded, handing it over and
listening with entire satisfaction to the
unfolding of the whole plot.

What was this man's device for out-
witting the murderous thug who boldly
invades your store or office and robs
you while you wait?

This is the question you ask, per-
haps.

Dear friend, don't you see that to
give it away in the public prints would
not only forewarn the hold-up men,
and thus defeat the ends of justice,
but would be taking the bread out of
the mouth of a man in a suit of faded
black who is trying to earn an honest
living?—Chicago Tribune.

GOOD ROADS

The King's Business Urgent.

WE are ambassadors of a
great people.
We are here as ambas-
sadors of the great king, and
that king is none other
than the common plain peo-
ple of these United States, and in this
manner of securing continuous lines of
improved interstate highways we af-
firm that the king's business demands
haste.

The day of parleying and temporizing
is past, and those in authority who at-
tempt to thwart the will of the people
or who are indifferent to this great
project of road improvement will be
swept from power with the besom of
destruction in the hands of an outraged
people as effectively as did the Master
when He drove from the temple those
who were profaning the holy place,
and the places that know them now
shall know them no more forever.

It has been said that the present Con-
gress is a "do nothing Congress." If
this be so, we demand that this "do
nothing Congress" awake from its leth-
argy and get its ear to the ground that
it may hear the groaning of the land
under the burdens of these barbarous
mud loads, which are compelling the
people—the burden bearers—to make
bricks without straw, and then we ask
them to look up that they will be wise
enough to hear and heed the demand
of the people and forthwith pass a bill
creating a bureau of good roads in the
Department of Agriculture carrying a
sufficient appropriation so that those
now in authority in the public roads
inquiry office may be able to meet the
demands of the people and build for
them with their aid and co-operation
continuous lines of improved interstate
highways, that the vast capital in-
vested in agriculture may be relieved
of the heavy burdens of transporta-
tion which now so heavily oppress it;
that the rural districts may enjoy the
benefits of intercommunication, better
educational, social and religious priv-
ileges, in fact, every advantage and
blessing which continuous lines of im-
proved interstate highways would
bring to these people, to all of which
they are justly entitled.

If continuous lines of improved inter-
state highways are to be constructed,
where shall the beginning be made?
Manifestly should it not be two great
cities of this continent, New York
and Chicago, be first joined in this tie
that binds?

The greatest good to the greatest
number is a principle we can never ig-
nore, and since there is more traffic,
travel and communication between
these two cities than between any other
two cities on this continent, it is man-
ifest that this great highway—we will
call it the king's highway—should first
of all be the one constructed.

When this great highway shall have
been so constructed, it will stand
through the ages as an enduring monu-
ment to the cause of good roads, bring-
ing renown to the great cities thus
linked together, and reflecting honor
to this great nation within whose do-
main it was constructed.

Who will say that this highway was
not in the mind of the aged Hebrew
seer, when, standing on Judea's hills,
looking with prophetic vision down
the centuries, he exclaimed: "Prepare
the way and make straight the high-
way; let every valley be exalted and
every mountain and hill be made low;
let the crooked be made straight, the
rough places smooth, and let a highway
be there that the wayfarer may
travel, though a fool, shall not err therein."

From the securing of such continuous
lines of improved interstate highways
we pledge our time, our means and the
best efforts at our command.—From a
Good Roads Convention speech, quoted
in the New York Tribune.

Progress of the Movement.
Mr. Martin Dodge, the good roads ex-
pert of the Department of Agriculture,
has reviewed the progress recently
made in the movement for better high-
ways, and the showing is a most sat-
isfactory one. Maryland, the Virginias,
the Carolinas and Alabama are making
good progress in the movement. Mr. Dodge
explains that the growth of the rural
free delivery has forced attention to
the farmers and county authorities to
the imperative need of road im-
provement, a need that has been felt
for many years, but which has been ne-
glected until supplying it was made one
of the requisites in the establishment
of the rural mail service. Deep inter-
est is being taken in the question, now
that it has been brought up in a business
way, and county and State associations
are being formed in nearly every State
in the Union for the consideration and
adoption of the best plans for road im-
provement. In this work the Federal
Government has taken an active inter-
est and lent every assistance possible
with the limited funds available for the
purpose. Experiments have been con-
ducted and the results explained to the
local and State associations. The de-
partment has made a study of soil con-
ditions, rainfall and other elements that
must be considered in different locali-
ties in the work of permanent road
improvement, and the demand from
all parts of the country for information
of this character emphasizes the inter-
est in the subject. Several railroads
have joined in the work by sending out
special trains, carrying expert road
builders and modern road making ma-
chinery, and constructing sections of
model roads at different points along
their lines. Farmers have taken keen-
est interest in this work, and the ef-
forts of the railroads are greatly ap-
preciated by the South, excepting the
county roads of the South, excepting
occasional well kept turnpikes between
cities and larger towns, have long been
almost a disgrace, retarding the devel-
opment of farms and plantations and
about doubling the natural cost of
transporting products of the farm to
the market. It is gratifying to know
that radical relief is promised.

British officers can not take a course
in ballooning unless they are "good
sailors" and not over 100 pounds in
weight.

EPWORTH LEAGUE LESSONS

MARCH TWENTY-SIXTH.

The Missionary Call.—Matt. 28. 19;
Acts 1. 8; 1 Cor. 16. 9.

The work of the church is not self-
existence and perpetuation only, but
world-wide conquest. The early
church so understood it, and in the
first century went out to the uttermost
parts of the world as they knew it.
The gospel befalls not to one race
nor to any one nation, but to "all
nations." In apostolic days they were
witnesses "in Jerusalem, in all Ju-
dea, in Samaria, and to the uttermost
parts of the earth." The apostles
literally and speedily obeyed the
great commission. The last selection
has reference to the open doors of
opportunity, which were never so sig-
nally inviting as to-day. The whole
world is open now to the missionar-
ies. Not only does the missionary
call come to us from the world, but
Providence has opened every nation
and laid on the Protestant church the
responsibility of going to the ends of
the earth as an evangel.

But as in Paul's day there are
"many adversaries," Opposing forces
face the church; but the promise of
victory is with us. Let us hear and
heed the missionary call!

Many in our modern churches have
no vivid personal conception of the
missionary call. They do not believe
that their duty is to evangelize the
world. They need missionary con-
viction. Bishop McCabe always in-
sisted when missionary secretary
version, a conversion to missions.
Not only are many unconvinced, but
many actually oppose the work of
missions. They need to study this
great commission. One imperative
need in church and in League is to
get our people to really believe in the
missionary idea, to hear the mis-
sionary call.

There is a pressing duty to get
under the burden and to give some
fairly creditable answer to this call.
Instead of giving a thoughtless dollar
and imagining our duty done, we need
to give by tens and hundreds. In-
stead of playing at missions we need
to get down to business and do some-
thing worthy of a great church of
large ability. We would not depre-
cate what the church is doing, but
surely we have not yet measured up
to opportunity and ability. Thousands
of our best young students need to
be sent to the foreign field. Many
churches would support alone a mis-
sionary in the field who are now giv-
ing only a few dollars. If we are to
really obey this call we must multi-
ply by the ten, twenty, and hundred
fold our offerings for missions. We
must push this work. Organize mis-
sion study classes! Circulate mis-
sionary libraries and literature! Talk
missions, think of missions, dream
about them, get really in-
earnest, and then we hope to lead
the church to obey the great com-
mission. We trust that this lesson
may be a real inspiration to every
chapter. Look at the open door.
Consider your duty. Do it quickly.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPICS.

MARCH TWENTY-SIXTH.

"Christian Endeavor Comradeship:
With Other Churches at Home and
with Distant Lands." Acts 17:24-
28; John 17:20, 21.

Scripture Verses.—Mal. 3:16; John
13:35; Acts 1:14; 2:1, 42; Gal. 6:10;
Eph. 2:15; Phil. 2:2; 1 Thess. 5:
11-13; 2 Thess. 1:3; 2 Peter 1:1, 2.

Lesson Thoughts.
It is an unnatural and an unfortu-
nate condition when there is lack of
happy comradeship and sympathetic
fellowship among the people of one
family, but God "hath made of one
blood all nations of men."

What binds us more closely in
family fellowship than that of de-
pendence upon and love for a com-
mon parentage. In God we all live
and move and have our being.

Selections.
No distance breaks the ties of blood;
Brothers are brothers evermore;
Nor wrong, nor wrath of deadliest
mood.

That magic may o'erpower,
So is it with true Christian hearts;
Their mutual share in Jesus' blood
An everlasting bond imparts
Of holiest brotherhood.

O might we all our lineage prove,
Give and forgive do good and love,
By soft endearments in kind strife
Lightening the load of daily life!

—John Kelbie.
One of the most beautiful things
about Frances Willard was her calm
way of ignoring differences of belief
in all those that were working in any
way for the good of the world. When
some worker would differ from her
she would say, "Never mind that; we
can go a long way together." That
would be a good motto for all Chris-
tians for their relations with one an-
other.

Men never can be joined in brother-
hood by good plans, nor can they
be joined by a common gain they are
seeking; they can be joined together
only by having some common object
of admiration and affection. It is
those that love God and wonder at
His gracious ways that love one an-
other.—Kingsley.

Bishop Hurst suggests that there
can be true union only as each part
that enters into the union is at its best.
The anchor is not held by the chain,
but by each link of the chain, and
the anchor falls if a single link is
imperfect.

An Office idyl.
Sing a song of shorthand,
And a melody full of notes,
Four and twenty letters,
To be written by and by.

When the girl is ready,
And the keys begin to sing,
What a pretty picture work
She to the man will bring.

The man is in his sanctum,
Trying to make money,
Talking to a customer
In tones as sweet as honey.

The boy? Ah, he's a pirate,
Out on the stormy sea,
The girl is busy with her work,
As happy as can be.

Alas for life's swift changes!
The man no sale could make,
His heart is heavy,
And his looks would make you quake.

The boy has hid the story
On which he fondly dotes,
The girl is on the verge of tears—
She cannot read her notes.

—C. O. L. in Cincinnati Commercial
Tribune.

No man's back ever breaks under the
burdens of others.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS
FOR MARCH 26.

Review of the Twelve Preceding Lessons
For the First Quarter.—Read John vi.
23-31—Golden Text, John xi, 31—
Summary.

Lesson I. Topic: The wonderful divine
Saviour. Place: Ephesus. John's gospel
was written between 80 and 90 A. D. John
was the only apostle living at that time.
He refers to Christ as the Word of God;
all things were made by Him. He was the
life and the light of men; reference is made
to John the Baptist, the forerunner of
Christ; He was "not that light, but was
sent to bear witness of that light;" Jesus
was the true light.